

THE COMMITTEE; Popery in or Masquerade.

Root and Branch

BEHOLD WEE ARE

COVENANTING PEOPLE

A Solemn
LEAGUE
and
COVENANT

Come and let us joyn our
selves unto the Lord, in
a perpetuall Covenant, y
shall not be forgotten.

Swash.
Elders. Maye.

The Colchester Wedding.

THE EXPLANATION.

Behold Here, in This Piece, the Plague, the Fate
Of a Seditious Schism in Church, and State:
Its Rise, and Progress; with the dire Event
Of a Blind Zeal, and a Pack'd Parliament.
It was This Medd, that Confounded All.

In the mean while, the Pulpits, and the Presses
Must ring of Popery, Grievances, Addresses,
Plots of all Sorts, Invasions, Massacres,
Troops under Ground, Plague-Plaisters, Cavaliers:
Till Mad with Scize and Slaves, the Nation

Ill Accidents and Humours to improve,
Under the fair Pretexts of Peace, and Love;
To serve the Turn of an Usurping Power.
But read the Minutes, and They'll tell ye More.

O, how he Reacht; and still, as I provok'd him, (him!)
He'd Heave for Life; 'twas Ten to One 't had Choakt
Nay verily; This Stuff, in Holder-forth,
Maybe as much as a man's Life is worth.

112. f. 44
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THE EXPLANATION.

Behold Here, in This Piece, the Plague, the Fate
Of a Seditious Schism in Church, and State:
Its Rise, and Progress; with the dire Event
Of a Blind Zeal, and a Pack'd Parliament.
It was This Medly that Confounded All;
This damn'd Concert of Folly and Cabal,
That Ruin'd us: For ye mult know, that Fools
Are but State-Engins; Politicians Tools
Ground to an Edg, to Hack, and Hew it out;
Till by Dull Sots Knives Ends are brought about.
Think on't, my Masters; and if e're ye see
This Game play'd o're again, then Think of Me.

You'll say This Print's a Satyr. Against Whom?
Those that Crown'd Holy Charles with Martyrdom.
By the same rule the Scripture you'l Traduce,
For saying Christ was Crucifi'd by th' Jews:
Nay, and their Treasons too agreed in This;
By Pharisees Betray'd; and with a Kiss:
Conscience, the Cry; Emanuel was the Word;
The Cause, the Gospel, but the Plea, the Sword.

[A] Now lay your Ear close to that Nest of Heads.
Look, don't ye see a Streaming Ray, that sheds
A Light from the Cabal down to the Table;
T' inspire, and Push on an Enthusiast Rabble?
In That Box sits a Junto in Debate,
Upon their Sovereigns and Three Kingdoms Fate:
They're Hot, and Loud enough. Attend 'um pray'e,
From point to point; and tell us what they say.

Is it Resolv'd then that the King must Down?
Not for a World; we'll only take his Crown:
He shall have Caps, and Knees still; and the Fame
Of a fair Title, and Imperial Name:
But for the Sword; the Power of War, and Peace;
Life and Death; and such Fooleries as These;
We'll beg These Boons our selves: And Then, in Course,
What cannot be Obtain'd by Prayer, we'll Force.
It rests, now, only; by what Arts and Friends,
Methods, and Instruments, to gain These Ends.

First, make the People Sure; and That must be
By Pleas for Conscience, Common Liberty:
By which Means, we secure a Popular Voice
For Knights and Burgesses, in the Next Choice.
If we can get an Act, Then, to Sit on
Till we Dissolve our Selves, the work's Half-done.

In the mean while, the Pulpits, and the Presses
Must ring of Popery, Grievances, Addresses,
Plots of all Sorts, Invasions, Massacres,
Troops under Ground, Plague-Plaisters, Cavaliers:
Till, Mad with Spite and Jealousie, the Nation
Cry out, as One Man, for a Reformation.

Having thus gain'd the Rabble; it must be our
Next Part, the Common-Council to secure:
And then; let King, Law, Church, and Court-Cabal
Unite, and do their Worst; we'll Stand 'em All.
Our Design's This; to Change the Government;
Set up our Selves; and do't by a Parliament.
And This t' effect needs only Resolution;
We'll leave the Tumults to do Execution.
The Popish Lords must Out, Bishops must Down;
Strafford must Dye; and Then, have at the Crown.
We will not leave the King, One Minister;
The House, One Member; but what We Prefer:
No nor the Church, One Levite; Down they go:
We, and the 'Prentices will have it so.

[B] This was scarce sooner Said, than the thing
For up starts Little Isaac, in the Room
Of Loyal Gourney, with a Sword in's hand;
The Ensign of his New-usurpt Command:
Out of his Mouth, a Label, to be True
To the Design of the Caballing Crew:
[C] His Holiness at's Elbow; Heart'ning on,
A Mollish Schism; Half-Pope, Half-Puritan;
Who, while they talk of Union, bawl at Rome;
Revolt, and set up Popery at Home.

[D] Now, bring your Eye down to the Board; and
Th' Agreement of that Blest Fraternity:
Cov'nanters All; and by That Holy Band
Sworn En'mies to th' Establish'd Law o'th' Land.
These are the Men that Plague all Parliaments
For the Impossible Expedients
Of making Protestant Dissenters, One,
By Acts of Grace, or Comprehension:
When by their very Principles, each other
Thinks himself bound to Persecute his Brother.
They never Did, they never Can Unite
In any one Point, but t' o'rethrow the Right:
Nor is't at all th' Intent of Their Debate
To fix Religion, but t' embroil the State;

Ill Accidents and Humours to improve,
Under the fair Pretexts of Peace, and Love;
To serve the Turn of an Usurping Power.
But read the Minutes, and They'll tell ye More.

[E] Take a view, next, of the Petitioners.
But why, (you'll say) like Beasts to th' Ark, in Pairs?
Not to expose the Quaker, and the Muid,
(By Lust to those Brutalities betray'd)
As if those two Sects more addicted stood
To Mares, and Whelps, than other Flesh and Blood:
No, but they're coupl'd Here, only to tell
The Harmony of their Reforming Zeal.

[F] Now wash your Eyes, and see their Secretaries
Of Uncouth Visage; Manners most Nefarious,
Plac'd betwixt Pot and Pipe, with Pen and Paper;
To shew that he can Scribble, Tope, and Vapour:
Beside him, (craving Blessing) a Sweet Babby;
(Save it!) the very Image of the Daddy!
He deals in Sonnets, Articles, takes Notes,
Frames Histories, Impeachments, enters Votes,
Draws Narratives, (for Four Pound) very well;
But then 'tis Forty more, to Pals the Seal.
Beside his Faculty, at a Dry Bob,
That brings him many a comfortable Job.

[G] Mark, Now, Those Club-men; That Tumultuous
Crown, Bible, Magna Charta, under Foot!
Those Banners, Trophies; and the Execrable
Rage, and Transports of an Incens'd Rabble!
Here, the Three States in Chains; and There, the Head
Of a Good King, by Rebels Murdered.
And all this while, the Creatures of Those Knaves,
That blew the Coal, themselves, the greatest Slaves.
What Devil could make Men Mad, to This Degree?
Only mistaken Zeal, and Jealousie.
Liberty, Conscience, Popery, the Pretence;
Rapine, Blood, Sacrilege, the Consequence.

[H] Let's Cross the way, Now, to the Doctors Side.
'Tis a good, pretty Girl, that holds his Head! (on;
What's his Disease, Sweet-heart? Nay, That's a Questi-
His Stomach's Foul, perhaps, 'tis Ill Digestion;
But 'tis a mercy, 't comes so finely away:
Here's Canons, Surplices, Apocrypha!
Look what a Lump there lies of Common-Prayer.
Ay, but the Cross in Baptism, that lies There:

O, how he Reach't; and still, as I provok'd him, (him!)
He'd Heave for Life; 'twas Ten to One 't had Choakt
Nay verily; This Stuff, in Holder-forth,
May be as much as a man's Life is worth.

How Do ye Sir? Why somewhat more at Ease,
Since I've Discharg'd these Legal Crudities.
But if your Stomach be so extremely Nice;
What Course d'ye take? O, I have Good Advice:
All the Dissenting Protestant-Divines;
There's not a man in the whole Club, but Joyns.
This Pet'ral, you must know, keeps me alive;
Sequester'd Livings are Preservative!
But for the Sovereign Remedy of all,
The Only, never-failing Cordial;
There 'tis upon That Shelf: That Composition
Th' Assembly Took, it self, in my Condition.
The Tears of Widows, Orphans Hearts, and Blood
They made their daily Drink, their daily Food:
Behold our Christian Cannibal's Oblation,
To auspicate their Moloch Reformation.

[I] Well! But what means This Excremental Swarm
Of Humane Insects? How they Fret, and Storm;
Grin at the Vomit; and get for all this Pother;
At the same Time, lie teizing one another.
Alas! 'Tis too, too true, you've hit my Grief:
And there's no Help, no Help for't; no Relief.
While They joyn'd Hands with Us, against the Crown,
And Church; How sweetly the Lords Work went on!
But when we came to plant our Directory,
'Bless me, what Freaks they play'd! you know the Story.
Oh! of themselves, they're e'en a Vip'rous Brood;
Begot in Discord, and brought up with Blood.
'Twas We that gave 'em Life, Credit, and Name,
Till the Ungrateful Brats devour'd their Dam.

What could ye look for else? For 'tis Dominion,
That you do all contend for, not Opinion.
If you'll have any Government; then say,
Which Party shall Command, and which Obey.
Power is the thing ye both Affect, and Hate,
Every one would, ye Cannot, All be Great.
This is, in short, the Sum of the Contest;
Still He that's Up, 's an Eye-sore to the Rest.
Presbytery breeds Worms: This Maggot-Fry
Is but the Spawn of Lawless Liberty.
License, is like a Sea-Breach to your Grounds;
Suffer but One Flaw, the whole Country Drown'd.